



# **YOUNG, GIFTED** **and BAYVIEW**

Young Poets and Writers  
of Bayview Hunters Point



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# **YOUNG, GIFTED and BAYVIEW**

Young Poets and Writers  
of Bayview Hunters Point



*Edited by*  
**TOUSSAINT HAKI**

*Writers Corps*

WritersCorps, a project of the San Francisco Arts Commission, places professional writers in community settings to teach creative writing to youth. Since its inception in 1994, the program has helped over 10,000 young people from neighborhoods throughout San Francisco improve their literacy and increase their desire to learn. WritersCorps publishes an annual anthology of youth writing, and produces writing contests and national events. The program is part of a national alliance with sites in the Bronx and Washington, D.C., whose shared vision is to transform and strengthen individuals and communities using the written word.

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For more information call (415) 252-4655  
[www.writerscorps-sf.org](http://www.writerscorps-sf.org)

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## INTRODUCTION

*Young, Gifted and Bayview* book and CD project is full of original poetry, spoken-word, interviews, and live hip-hop music. From love, identity and self-esteem, to current affairs in the community and tragic tales of misguided peers, these young poets give us an honest look at the world as they see it and paint pictures of the way they want to see it. Throughout the project we learn first-hand the important role that writing has had on the lives of these young artists. If you read and listen to this project the whole way through you will no doubt be inspired by the wisdom brought forth by these young people. You might even find yourself buying a new journal or looking for a pen or pencil to start your process.

Consider *Young Gifted and Bayview* as community medicine; something that gives directions for how to channel negative energy through a constructive way; something that reflects the best in what our children have to offer when we adults really listen and pay attention.

When I look at all the violent and tragic deaths teenagers are suffering these days, specifically in the Bayview Hunters Point, I ask myself, who really listened and validated these youth from day one? Did these kids have any positive role models? Did they have any goals or dreams or anyone to talk to about their goals and dreams? How much freedom and support did these youth have around the choices they made? Did these youth come from stable families or did they learn to raise themselves in broken and corrupt villages where opportunities were slim to none? How many people will open up the newspaper and stereotype

these killings while ignoring the real stories behind these young lives...

The questions go on and on but I know and you know before the killing can cease the self-reflection, moral discipline, constructive community dialogue and hands-on involvement in our children lives must increase. Let us remember to celebrate our youth and teach them how to celebrate themselves before they begin seeking celebration in the streets.

Do yourself and community a favor by sharing this project with your family, friends, loved ones, teachers, church members, mosque members, whomever has ears to listen, a heart to feel, and hopefully something to write with.

Peace and love

Toussaint Haki, WritersCorps Teacher

April 2004



## THANK YOU

...To my friends, family and loved ones.

...To God and my angelic ancestors for guiding this project and workshop the whole year through. Ashe!

...To the San Francisco Bayview Public Library and staff, particularly Linda Brooks Burton, Jessie Whiley, Debra Franklin and the rest of the staff for allowing us the space to host my workshops and open mic poetry nights and for the monetary support for this project as well for taking care of refreshments during our Open Mic Poetry Night's. I look forward to a long future working with you all.

...To teen librarian Marcel Twizeyemungu for his effort and community commitment to making sure this workshop was successful. Your positive energy is always appreciated. Don't Stop!!

...To Ruth Thompson and the Nailah House Group Home staff for opening your doors all year long every Monday or Wednesday night. Thank you for allowing me to eat with you after our workshops and providing such a welcome space to work with your young men.

...To 21st Century Academy, SouthEast Campus Community Scholars School, Muhammad University and all the other schools that allowed me to do presentations on my workshops in the Bayview. Thank you for opening your doors to give alternative educational opportunities to your students.

...To Carmen Jamara Johnston, Ise Lyfe, Daniel Agemotu, Sayyadina Thomas and the other artists featured at our Open Mic Poetry Night. Thank you for sharing your gifts and planting seeds in my students and the community of the San Francisco Bayview.

...To my intern Ricardo Orellana fresh out of Log Cabin Ranch for coming in and adding flava to the workshops and for showing the students that there is life after incarceration for those willing to take advantage of the opportunities. Keep shinning brotha!

...To WriterCorps for allowing me the opportunity to finish out a 2nd year of teaching creative writing and poetry and for standing tall and strong in the face of this war on education in California.

...To Courtney Utt for designing another beautiful book and CD this year.

...To Ixayan Baez for her love and support and strategy in helping pull this project together.

...To all my students for coming to class and being open to exercise the power of writing. Thank you also to all those students who only came to a few classes or even just one. I hope you all have the courage to try it again next year. No matter what, keep up the writing.

...And Thank you to all the parents and community members  
for coming out and supporting the Open Mic Poetry Night  
every 2nd Wednesday. Please spread the word!!

Peace and Love  
Toussaint Haki of WritersCorps  
April 2004



## NORMAL

Normal is plain  
Not too short or too tall  
Normal is being unnoticed  
Like a fly on the wall

I don't want to be normal  
But I don't want to stand out

The herd is moved in the same direction  
I just want to take a different route  
Normal is bland  
With no flavor or spice  
Normal is simple  
Take my advice

I don't want to be normal  
Like the drones you see downtown  
Between lunch brakes and after work is when  
They can be found

Following schedules and contracts signed  
These are all things that shackle  
The mind  
I don't want to be normal

*Alexander O. Muhammad, 16*

## I AM

I am the poet who can not flow  
The mute who speaks with a pen and paper  
I am the opposite of wind  
Seen but not heard  
I am spoken but not said  
A silent  
Word

*Alexander O. Muhammad, 16*



## I'M JUST A KID

I woke up  
It was 7  
I waited til' 11  
Just to figure out that  
No one would call  
I think I've got a lot of friends  
But I don't hear from them  
What's another night all alone  
When you're spending everyday on your own  
And here it goes

I'm just a kid  
And life is a nightmare  
I'm just a kid  
I know that it's not fair  
Nobody cares  
And the world is having more fun than me

And maybe when the night is dead  
I'll crawl into my bed  
Staring at these four walls again  
I'll try to think about the last time I had a good time  
Everyone's got somewhere to go  
And there gonna leave me hear on my own

*David Price, 16*

## I AM

I am suddenly thrown into lifestyle that does not fit his  
description

I was so angry

I just started creepin up in school not payin attention

Not quite a boy and not quite a man

Damn

Don't know who the f#@! I am

*Thomas McGhee, 13*

# RECIPE FOR AN EMPOWERED BLACKMAN WELL DONE (in three parts)

## I.

the ingredients

1 cup of Respect

1 ounce of life, no presence, a little spirit and a little  
everlasting message

2 cups of struggle

5 quarts of creativity

6 ounces of intelligence

2 gallons of unconditional love

1 drop of life

3 drops of role model

1 big good, raw-less, well-done, empowered Black man

## II.

(Before Life)

Everyday gunshots

More youth dying

More prostitutes

More narcotics

More crack and weed sold in back streets

More youth on probation

More cars stolen

More houses robbed

More gang influence on kids

More daddies claim children are not his

More moms crying about seeing son dead on t.v. and not  
seeing son on t.v.

With academic scholarship

## III.

(Born)

Baby showers

Plenty clothes and food

Positive Young Adult

Cool friends

*Ayinde Bell, 14*

## I LIVE IN THE HOOD

Seeing friends succeed  
Makes speeches at school  
Joins Writerscorps  
Speaks in front of City Hall  
Known for being young and doing community work  
Famous for quote "I live in hood, the hood doesn't live in me"  
More kids off Streets  
Graduates  
Becomes old rich Surgeon  
Makes hood look like a positive image  
Becomes empowered Black Man  
His Yoruba name Ayinde means, "We gave Praises and He Came"  
His middle name Tyehimba in Ibo means, "We stand as a Nation"  
Afterlife  
RIP Ayinde

*Ayinde Bell, 14*

## WHAT POETRY DOES FOR ME?

Poetry allows me to express myself.  
The pens are my friends and the lead is there  
to share my thoughts  
Let me write with all my might  
It allows me to keep away the demons  
that I found under my bed last night  
It allows me to share with my family on Christmas  
Morning and all those other days  
I feel the need to just sit and write  
If I take a chance and miss a day to write  
Like the men in jail to their kids by the mail  
Or like the slaves back in the day who got sold  
in the month of May  
Like people finding out that they might not  
see another day like me  
Ending this piece calmed and relaxed

*Courtney Carter, 13*

## I AM

I am the kid that Ruth sees in my eyes

I am the little boy my mother sees in my father's eyes

I am the kid that my grandmother sees in my mother's eyes

I am

*Maurice Hall, 17*



## HAIKU

Abused for 15 years  
Want to live  
Got out

Sadness  
Get Happy  
Got endless happiness

Thinking about suicide  
Having something to live for  
Got away from the negativity

Needed love  
Found it  
Got lucky

*Delpheanea Holmes, 16*

## A QUESTION OF LOVE

Love

How can love be a man abusing a woman and then telling her he is sorry?

Is love a dealer happily selling his drugs to the addicted?

How can love be breaking up a love affair cause one person is too skinny or too fat?

Is love lost when best friends get mad and stop speaking to each other?

How can you say you love and walk by homeless people sitting in the rain under the freeway?

Is love for your brothers going to funeral after funeral as the drive-by shooting continue

To go on and on?

How can love be countries killing women and children and soldiers for oil or religion?

Or is love just always being there or is it a scare?

Or is love to care? Wait... think of it as a dare?

*Ayinde Bell, 14*

## WHAT IS LOVE

LOVE,

What does that word really mean?

What does it symbolize for you?

What is the true meaning of love?

Love aint shootin people up for personal reasons

Takin lives for ya own pleasin

Violence kills, but yet, it's increasin

What we should be doin is help to decrease it

Love aint sellin ya children's bodies for crack

Cracked out moms leading kids on the wrong path

Some children might want to follow your track

So remember, what's done is done, there's no turning back

Love aint hatin, discriminatin, or any drama

that people be creatin

Hangin with people when you know they be fakin

Or any problems caused that you have to be takin

So before you say that you know what love means

Ask yourself, "What is love?"

*Sherry Pon, 13*

## DO YOU REMEMBER THE TIME?

The first day we locked eyes all I could do was stop breathing  
My heart felt like a bird flying free  
Her eyes from across the street were like two  
Diamond earrings  
As I run to her, for just a moment of her time  
Half way there I stop to think is she really the one for me!!

Her perfume  
Warm sweet strawberries  
Her red soft sweet lips feel so close  
Yet so far  
She makes me stuck  
Can't feel my legs  
It feels as if she is walking in my love dreams!  
It feels so real yet so fake  
I start to act like a Loonytoon with my heart pumping out of  
my chest  
Hearts coming out of my face  
My legs start to act like  
Michael Jackson in Moon Walker  
I speak, but no words come  
She looks deep into my soul  
She says, "You're sweet"  
I tell her the same thing  
but sound like a broken record player  
I said, "Excuse me Miss, what's your name?"  
Her words hypnotized me, I asked with a low  
And deep voice "Is it okay to call you one time?"  
Before I don't get to see you again, because I don't want this  
to be the last time."

*Ricardo Orellana, 18*

## ANSWER ME PLEASE

Mom-Why do you live in so much misery?

Dad-Are you keeping anything from me?

Mom-Why does my dad live so far away?

Dad-Dad why you just couldn't have stayed?

Mom-Do you love me?

Dad- Why was I the last to be told?

Mom- Why do you always yell?

Dad- Why haven't I got a letter in the mail?

Mom-Do you care?

Dad- Why aren't you there?

Both-Please answer my questions, that's all I ask?

Both-Is that such a hard task?

*Soraya Mabrey, 13*

## QUESTIONS TO THE FOLKS

Why do you use me?

Why do you abuse me?

Why can't I go outside and play with the kids?

Can't I be normal?

What is normal?

Am I really 16?

I could have sworn I was older as smart as I am.

Why weren't you there when I needed help with my exam?

Did you have me for the money?

Why did you hit me when my nose was runny?

You should have hugged me.

Why are you chubby and short and I so skinny and tall?

Why don't I look like either one of you?

Do I really belong in school?

Better yet, do I belong to you?

Why do you doubt me when I'm doing good?

When you say bad things about others you better knock on wood?

Why did you save my life?

Dad why did you check on your wife?

Why did you throw the kids in your arguments?

Why didn't you talk it out when you had disagreements?

Why, I ask, do these questions go in one ear and out the other?

*Delpheanea Holmes, 16*



## IT WAS SHE

Hatred dominates my mind when I think about 'her'  
It was she that brought tears upon my mother's eyes  
Stabbing my mother in the heart a million times  
Twisting and jabbing, jabbing and twisting, never to remove it  
from my mother's strong but fragile heart.

It was she that brought pain to my mother, which caused pain  
for me, which then over time, hurt my whole entire family  
yet, she never understood the pain  
she was causing.

It was she that tore my mother's heart out, ripped it into a  
million pieces, then stomped on it with no sympathy what-so-  
ever; leaving it out in the cold for this beautiful heart to shiver  
and die.

It was she that did the most stupid things, never learned from  
her mistakes and repeated those things over and over and over  
again; believing that all that she was doing was right.

It was she that made my mother realize that words hurt a  
thousand times more than physical pain; that emotions, in some  
way could vanquish any punch or bruise; that physical wounds  
only last for a while, but verbal wounds could scar for a lifetime.

It was she that made my mother into the strong woman that she  
is today, but without a doubt, she made the hope in my mother  
die in disappointment; fighting and begging to be brought back  
to life.

"She" wasn't another woman in my father's life,  
"She" wasn't my auntie or grandmother  
Surprisingly, "she" was my mother's own blood daughter,  
and in shame, I have to say, that "she" is my own sister.  
And again, I must say, "it was she."

*Anonymous*

## MAGIC

With my mouth I can taste the sweetness of candy  
With my magic mouth I can taste the frustration  
Of stifled communities yet to speak

With my hands I can give food to those in need of food  
With my magic hands I can heal the suffering of those in need  
Of healing and relief from their suffering

With my nose I can smell the scent  
of sweet Washington State apples  
With my magic nose I can smell the scent  
of those in need of my magic hands

With my mouth, hands and nose  
I can smell, feel, and taste my food  
that has been given to me by the Lord himself  
With my magic mouth, hands and nose I can recognize the  
communities and people  
in need of my healing hands

*David Price, 16*

## “OPEN MY EYES”

I open my eyes and  
A brightness comes from the sky  
I haven't found out yet but it's beautiful I bet

My heart is full of joy like a homeless kid  
When he gets his first toy

My brain gets stronger  
I learn more and more  
As my teacher teaches me  
He opens that big door

When I close my eyes  
All those things are in my head  
Then I lay on my pillow and go to bed

*Soraya Mabrey, 13*

## I AM

I am the new generation of my ancestors  
The one sent here to represent my great-grand parents  
My grandparents whose voice was stifled due to the  
belief of those more powerful than themselves

I am the boy soon to be a man  
A man whose life has ran off track  
A man who is solely responsible for his mistakes  
Not his misfortunes

I will be the man who my grandparents  
Will look down on and be pleased with my performance  
And be proud to know that I am the descendant of their  
Struggle and that  
I am that man who will survive them

*David Price, 16*

## I AM

I am a smart guy who likes to be creative  
I wonder if one day Jesus will come back and save us all  
I hear the strong winds wrestling through the trees and  
knocking them down at night  
I see the stars at night shining down on me and see heaven  
every time I look  
in  
    the sky  
I want to be able to watch the news one day without hearing  
cruel stuff has  
    been happening everyday  
I am a smart guy who likes to be creative.

I pretend to be a leader who is out there in the world  
    helping people  
I feel the Lord holding me in his arms  
I touched a hard Black rock in the mouth of the mountains  
I worry about the poor people out in the street who need  
homes, clothing,  
And  
    Hearts filled with happiness  
I cry for the people who die everyday and the ones who aren't  
making it in life  
I am a smart guy who likes to be creative.

I understand that life should be like precious gold  
I say that we will all have peace and like one another and race  
should not matter  
I dream of traveling to another planet and to other worlds  
I try to help as much as I can and to be there for people  
I hope that everyone will have a beautiful life  
I am a smart guy who likes to be creative.

*Ayinde Bell, 14*



## THINGS I AM THANKFUL FOR

I'm thankful for my mom and most of all, my grandmother. I'm thankful for having a roof over my head. I'm thankful for having a bed and a place to lay my head at. I'm thankful for having the opportunity to be able to be here for another day. I'm thankful for having the opportunity to be able to go out and buy me some clothes, shoes, and other important things for my body. I'm thankful for being able to go out and buy me some clothes, shoes, and other important things for my body. I'm thankful for being able to wake up in the morning, get dressed and take a shower. I'm thankful for being able to go out buy me some new shoes and other things to wear. I'm thankful for being able to wake up in the morning and go to school to learn something new almost everyday. I'm thankful that I have the friends that I do have. They don't do drugs, drink, and none of them smoke cigarettes. I'm thankful for being able to talk. I'm thankful for the ride I get to school everyday. I'm thankful for being able to go outside when I want. I'm thankful for being able to walk in and out my room and not be told when and when not to eat. I'm thankful for light. Basically I'm thankful for everything.

*Ronald Raynor, 16*



## ILLUSION

Whoever said one person couldn't handle a life  
    filled with responsibilities was wrong  
I can and will handle anything I want at the age of 13  
With my hands, I can wash the dirty dishes  
    and transform them into sparkling bright ones  
With my magic hands, I can touch the lives of a million people  
    and yet, still have the power to make something  
    out of my own life  
With my nose, I can smell the disgusting must  
    of a 13-year-old boy after his football game  
With my magic nose, I sense my life's destiny  
    awaiting at my front steps; losing its patience  
With my tongue I can taste the various kinds of milk chocolate  
    letting it melt slowly in my mouth  
With my magic tongue, I can taste the flavor of victory  
    grasping the hope to be a successful woman in 10 years  
With my ears, I can listen to my teacher speaking  
    trying to make a difference  
With my magic ears I can hear the reality of life  
    soothing and relaxing, and listening to the  
    wind blowing me in a direction where I wish to land  
With my eyes, I can see the kids playing joyfully in the park,  
    never wanting to leave  
With my magic eyes, I can see my future, doing any and  
    everything I can to make it an unbelievable one  
With my feet I can feel the tiny, invisible solid food crumbs  
    on my cold kitchen floors  
With my magic feet I can feel the buried dead  
    crying and begging to be let back on Earth  
    with their loved ones  
As you can see  
magic can give us the life we want to live  
But we must realize  
That magic can sometimes  
Just be an illusion

*Sherry Pon, 13*

## ANTI-ATHLETE

I hate it when people judge me  
Just cuz I'm tall

Cuz I'll tell you right now  
I hate basketball!

People say I'd be good at it  
but anyone can

Talent is based on desire  
And I don't have any  
That's just how I am

I'm an artist and a writer with a low tone  
I hate sports! You understand!  
Leave me the hell alone!

So let me tell you this before you draw up any conclusion  
Any idea you have of me playing sports is all an illusion.

*Alexander O. Muhammad, 16*

## WORDS FROM A POET

How can you write a poem like me  
When you need to learn the words to understand the beat  
A poet gets her words from her heart  
Past her heart  
She gets it from her soul  
You can't write a hot poem if your heart turns cold  
The bird that flies alone is the one that is first to get home  
The one that is first is the one to get the gold  
2nd gets the silver  
That's what I was told

*Kenessa Robinson, 13*

## HAIKU

Bart and Bus  
Commute Everyday  
Tired as Hell

Stupid thoughts  
Stupid Behavior  
Wise punishment

Pissed off  
First blow thrown  
Correctional Facility

*Alexander O. Muhammad, 16*

## SPIRIT RIDE

Ain't life a trip  
Locked up can't feel a thing asking God  
Why can't I feel my feelings?  
Life wasn't meant to be like this

Can't feel any love, hope, goodness or happiness  
Only have one life to live no need to throw  
It away, but ain't life a trip

So much time in the world, all the time to think  
Too much thinking  
Thinking so much I can't even remember  
Who loves me  
Ain't life a trip?

Each day something new to do, but the same ass food  
Same ass people, same ass things to do  
Life wasn't meant to be like this

*Ricardo Orellana, 18*

## MONEY FAST

Speed, crack, dope, and heroin  
4 of the many drugs they use to pull us in  
Their enslaving us  
You don't see it  
Get a grip or you may not see it but I bet u felt that whip  
20 times straight across your back  
So cut blacks some slack  
What about that?  
Blacks need 2 go back, way back  
To Hard labor, not selling crack  
Judge me not by my skin color the sun is not shinning  
As bright in fact it's getting duller  
African Kings African Queens  
Putting yourself down looking mean  
You wanna pop 9's just across the line  
Into the battlefield trying to be ill  
Please be real, every other day someone just got killed  
Because of guns, crack, trying 2 get ya pockets phat  
You can't understand the future if you don't know the past  
But that is what happens when you trying to get money fast

*Kenessa Robinson, 13*

## POEM OF PEACE

Peace isn't worrying about the next day  
It isn't going outside and not feeling safe  
It ain't going to school wit a gun  
People selling dope to their loved ones  
Their own kind  
Never mind killing our mom's and dad's side  
They just worrying about the green side  
Dead Presidents is the only thing on their minds  
Can't make it any other way  
Can't get a decent job and do it the right way  
Living in the fast lane is crazy  
But that's what they do daily  
Seeing crack babies running the streets  
Their mommies are no where to be seen  
Police dropin' drugs in our community  
That's not how peace is supposed to be

Peace is feeling safe in your community  
Going places and not worrying about your family  
Not having to carry a gun for protection  
Not having that caution tape wrapped around your section  
Peace is free  
For some people it comes rarely  
But having peace means the entire world to me

*Jason Tufiuli aka "Chubby," 18*



## “NEW BORN”

Ex, sex  
What happens next  
High, high,  
Feels to fly

As you hear the cries  
Of a teenage girl  
She's pregnant and feels ready to hurl

The doctor says no to an abortion  
Her mother keeps forcing and forcing

One fall and the babies dead  
But as she falls  
She bumps her head

That one fall and a life is torn  
and that's how it feels to lose a new born

*Soraya Mabrey, 13*

## FALLEN ROSE PETALS

Lord O Lord

Do you see what's going on

All our young Black Men will soon be gone

Mothers have to say goodbye to their sons

Men dying like flies, one by one

What is the point of a young man having dreams

If they are not able to pursue them

Its not enough to know what's right

Unless we're wise enough to do it

Don't join the crowd to be acknowledged and accepted

Be yourself even if your left out and rejected

Although you don't want to know the truth

You'll have to one day live it

It is also not enough to want to love

Unless you care enough to give it

Even though the Rose petals are fallin'

It was time to go

For this one

God was Callin'

*Kenessa Robinson, 13*

## IMMORTALITY

Lookin' at my mortality thinkin about reality  
And how it shackles my mind shaping my personality and  
mentality  
When the limits could be the galaxy  
Infinite  
Like time and space in its totality  
My potential is essential  
Like the body is to anatomy  
I don't care how many people are really mad at me  
I just focus on the goal that leads to immortality

*Alexander O. Muhammad, 16*

## I THANK GOD FOR ALL THE BLESSINGS I GOT IN MY LIFE

And I'm not talkin' about nice clothes a platinum chain  
And a Gucci watch w/ice  
I'm talking about the little things  
Stuff that we don't appreciate  
Stuff that happens everyday  
The kind of things that we disassociate  
With the definition of blessings  
The root being to bless  
But that's not the best thing  
Because, first, you have to go through testing  
Or struggle just like in wrestling  
But what you shouldn't do is anything detesting  
Cuz then the same fate will fall in on you  
This ain't no mystery, you don't Scooby doo  
To figure out that you get what you put in  
If you do bad in the world you will receive sin and hell  
Blessings come from doing good in subtle ways that  
You can't tell  
A blessing is hard to spot but  
you can

*Alexander O. Muhammad, 16*

## HOW CAN WE BE SO BEAUTIFUL BUT NOT KNOW THAT WE'RE BEAUTIFUL?

I know that I'm beautiful even if I walk down the street with  
mix-match shoes only knowing how to count from one to two  
I know that I'm beautiful

Girls walking down the street may think I'm ugly but really on  
the inside they know they want to be like me

Because they know I'm beautiful and know that nothing else  
matters to me long as I fulfill my dreams

That girl standing outside with no pride just wanting to show  
off her behind

Because she think she fine

But she don't know that she beautiful

She think that it's all about her looks that she too good to sit  
down and read a book

These girls don't know that they are beautiful but I know that  
I'm beautiful so take this

And be beautiful too

*Soraya Mabrey, 13*

## MAGIC

With my hands I can write  
With my magic hands I can play drums  
With my eyes I can see bad things  
With my magic eyes I can see God  
With my mouth I can read  
With my magic mouth I can talk to God and  
no one can hear it except him  
With my ear's I can hear songs  
With my magic ears I can hear God  
With my feet I can walk  
With my magic feet I can walk with God and his angels

*Maurice Hall, 17*

## BLACK ANGEL

My Black Angel  
With her long gold dress  
Gold wings  
Dress to impress  
My Black Angel  
With long curls in her hair  
White candles in her hand  
Spreading love all over the land  
My Black Angel  
Watching over all Black children  
My Black Angel  
When she flies through the sky  
You can see diamonds scattering  
Across the sky  
My Black Angel  
When she comes to my house  
She crawls through the cracks  
Like an itty bitty mouse  
Leaving crosses on the doors  
My Black Angel  
Left Holy Water on the floor  
My Black Angel  
My Black Angel  
Keeps me out of the Black Hole  
Thank God for  
My Black Angel

*Kenessa Robinson, 13*



## MAGIC SOUL

With my eyes I can read the book  
Called "OZ" with my magic eyes  
    I can read the sadness of a child  
With my ears I hear the thunder  
    of the lightning hitting my window  
With my magic ears I can hear God  
    sending each a message trying to teach a lesson  
With my hands I can hold the umbrella  
    stopping the rain from hitting my face  
With my magic hands I can stop the rain  
    from falling down pulling the sun closer  
To the ground  
With my feet I can walk around the street  
    with my magic feet I can walk across water  
    bringing my people farther from unhealthy land  
This is my magic soul reaching new heights  
    everyday learning and teaching  
Reaching and seeing everything that goes on with me

*Courtney Carter, 13*



**YOUNG, GIFTED  
and BAYVIEW**  
Young Poets and Writers  
of Bayview Hunters Point

**THE CD!**

**PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY  
Toussaint Haki and The Students of WritersCorps**

**RECORDED AT  
the San Francisco Bayview Public Library  
March and April of 2004**

## YOUNG, GIFTED AND BAYVIEW CD TRACK LISTING

- 1 Intro by Instructor Toussaint Haki (3:25)
- 2 Words from a poet by Kenessa Robinson (:25)
- 3 Magic Soul by Courtney Carter (:57)
- 4 Cell Phone Blues #1 by Thomas McGhee (:11)
- 5 Fallen Rose Petals by Kenessa Robinson (:44)
- 6 What does writing do for me? by Soraya Mabrey (:22)
- 7 Interview w/Ayinde Bell (:28)
- 8 Recipe of an Empowered Blackman Well-Done  
by Ayinde Bell (2:15)
- 9 What writing does for me? by Thomas McGhee (:50)
- 10 Interview w/Kenessa Robinson (:13)
- 11 Interview w/Jason Tufuuli (:46)
- 12 I'm From by Jason Tufuuli (1:35)
- 13 I AM by Maurice Hall (1:44)
- 14 Cell Phones Blues #2 by Thomas McGhee (:25)
- 15 New Born by Soraya Mabrey (:24)
- 16 Interview w/Alexander O. Muhammad (:17)
- 17 This World is Confusion by Alexander O. Muhammad (1:52)
- 18 Do you remember the time? by Ricardo Orellana (1:20)
- 19 Homage to Writing by Sherry Pon (:28)
- 20 What is Love? by Sherry Pon (1:02)
- 21 My Black Angel by Kenessa Robinson (:46)
- 22 Interview w/Thomas McGhee (:35)
- 23 Interview w/Ayinde (:53)

*Total Running Time 21:43*

*Produced and arranged by Toussaint Haki  
and the students of WritersCorps  
Spring 2004*

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